Behave

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Behave

by sourweather

Summary

Nigel and Hannibal are sharing their Omega. Taking Turns, so to speak. Today, Nigel is to accompany Will to a crime scene. Will isn't looking forward to it. He loves Nigel, but he doesn't exactly play well with others.

He's proven right to worry when Nigel makes a less than perfect first impression on Jack Crawford.

Notes

So this is my first time writing Will/Nigel and folks I am in LOVE with them!!!! their dynamic is so fun I'm probably gonna end up writing them more so if you have a Will/Nigel prompt please drop it below!!!

Thank you SO very much to the lovely AerisSimia for asking me to write this fic! the idea was genius and I had so much fun with it <3<3<3<3

See the end of the work for more notes

It wasn't that long ago that Will drove to and from crime scenes in total silence. Maybe some bland top forty station at a low enough volume that he can tune it out like white noise, maybe with the windows rolled down so the rushing wind and passing cars drown out his thoughts. The same goal in mind, either way. Entering and exiting the headspace- as much as he can, at any rate. It's difficult to keep it from clinging to him, but that doesn't mean he has to surrender to it entirely. Like wiping his feet at the doorstep while mud still cakes the small spaces in the soles of his boots. His old Volvo is an airlock, a decontamination chamber filled with old receipts and scratched-up Soundgarden CDs that holds the worst version of Will. The one who still has the taste of blood in his mouth, or is preparing himself to take the first mouthful.

He misses that Volvo.

"Your car smells like shit."

Nigel smirks. "You'll have to ride in it more, then. They oughta make your scent into a fuckin' candle, you know that? It'd sell like mad."

Will rolls his eyes, grabbing for the door handle. The smile that rises at the other man's words is gone by the time he rounds the white Charger, meeting Nigel on the other side.

"You're gonna *behave* today, is that clear?" Will says, eyes forward as he stalks past the small group of other agents and analysts milling about the perimeter of the small parking lot. "I take my work very seriously, I don't need any distractions. That means no interrupting me, no bothering my coworkers, no touching anything-"

"That include you, gorgeous?" he teases, slinging a heavy arm around Will's shoulders. He ducks his head, leans in close to whisper in Will's ear. "Because that's a tall order," Nigel emphasizes his statement by nipping at the shell of his ear and Will nearly jumps out of his skin.

He shrugs Nigel away, glaring at the gravel crunching beneath his feet and failing to will away the stubborn blush on his face. "Anything means *anything,* Nigel. Don't embarrass me in front of my coworkers or you'll be stuck with only your hand for company until my next Heat, and you know I don't make empty threats."

Nigel sighs in a mockery of surrender, pulling a pack of cigarettes from his back pocket. "You're no fun today, pet."

Will watches him light the cigarette, smiling with an undeniable fondness despite his biting. Will likes Nigel, in that very particular way that Will likes Hannibal. They're both fun to tease, to needle at. It's a different sort of tease, though. Getting under Han's skin is a test of endurance, gently chipping away at his fault lines until he finally breaks apart. Tearing down the walls of some ancient, abandoned castle.

Nigel, however-

"Maybe I'm just annoyed that I couldn't come to work with the Lecter who actually *helps me solve cases,"* He says, and Nigel just laughs.

"What's that saying about 'all work and no play', again?"

Nigel is like throwing stones through that castle's windows.

"You know perfectly well that I get plenty of *playtime."*

He's rewarded with another laugh for that, rough and loud and distinctly undignified. "Which is exactly why we need to share. Wouldn't be fair if I got to have you warming my bed every night, would it?"

Will wonders if it's intentional, the fact that Nigel happens to say that just as they're passing Zeller and Price. He catches the way Zeller's eyes go wide. Will bristles.

"Behave," Will half-growls, turning on him. It's difficult to feel intimidating when face-to-face with Nigel, he's big and cocky and has a good three inches on Hannibal, but Will knows he's whipped underneath that crooked smile. So he smirks, reaches up, and plucks the cigarette from the Alpha's lips, ignoring the low rumble in Nigel's chest as he grinds it under his heel. "And no smoking at a crime scene."

Nigel looks like he wants to speak, but the scent of blood heavy on the air as the approach steals both of their attention. The sound in Nigel's chest grows, and he takes a step forward, putting himself between Will and the evidence of violence ahead.

"Down, boy," he teases, patting Nigel on the shoulder before moving past him. He catches Beverly's eye, then, and she quirks a brow. He gives her a look that hopefully says 'Alphas, right? What can you do?' Based on her grin, he more or less hits the mark.

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To his pleasant surprise, Nigel does behave. He stays near the edge of the crowd, out of the way. It's harder to slip into the right mindset with the feeling of his lover's eyes burning into the back of his neck, but Will still manages to pull some pieces together.

It isn't enough to satisfy Jack, though. Never is. Will sometimes thinks he could give Jack Crawford a killer's home address on a silver platter and he'd just complain that Will didn't serve it on gold. Still, as terrible as it sounds, he's come to expect it. It doesn't bother him much anymore.

"Why take their lungs?"

Will shakes his head. "I'm not sure. Both of these women are Alphas, maybe they didn't like his scent. Breathed him in wrong."

"Or didn't breathe him in at all," Bev suggests. "Olfactory scanners' not picking up any secondary pheromones on the bodies. Killer might be a Beta."

"A Beta, or on heavy grade blockers," Jack mutters.

Will takes off his glasses, scrubbing at his eye sockets. "It isn't enough to go on, in any meaningful capacity."

Jack gives him a pointed look. "So find something to go on."

"I already told you- there's an admiration here. This killer thought very highly of these women. Whether that's because they were both Alphas or for some other reason, I can't say."

"That's it?"

Will huffs. "What do you want me to do, Jack? You want me to pull something from thin air?"

"No, I want you to get your head straight!" Jack hisses. "You've been unfocused lately, everybody can see it."

Will hears footsteps cross behind him, kiting their argument. "I'm focused."

"All I'm saying is you used to be my best profiler-"

"I *am* your best profiler!"

"Everything alright, pet?"

Will jumps, glaring up at Nigel where he's settled at his side. "Stay out of this."

Jack falters at the interruption, seemingly realizing all at once that they are in public. "Yes, I hate to be rude but this is a professional matter-"

"We haven't been properly introduced, have we?" He interrupts, offering Jack a hand. Will almost rolls his eyes when he notices the way the muscles in Nigel's hand and forearm flex- what a showoff. "Nigel Lecter."

Jack musters a polite smile. "Of course. The resemblance gave you away, Mister Lecter. Now if you'll excuse us, Will and I were discussing the investigation."

Nigel chuckles, but Will knows his usual disposition well enough to know there wasn't any humor behind the sound. "Is that what you were doing?" he asks, taking a step closer to Jack. "Because from where I was standing it looked like you were mouthing off to the smartest person on your team."

Will bites back a groan. The last thing he needs right now is Nigel getting into a pissing contest with his boss. "Nigel-"

"Is there a comment you'd like to make regarding my leadership style?" Jack asks, his face going hard.

"Yeah, since you asked, there is. I don't know where the fuck you get off thinking you can talk to people like that."

Jack meets the challenge head-on and Will braces himself for impact. "I run this team. The way I speak to my *subordinates* is not your concern."

"Jack," Bev says gently, "Maybe we should just focus on the-"

"It's sure as shit my concern when I see you talking to your teammate like he only has value when he's useful to you!"

Despite himself, Will feels himself blushing. His Alphas are always overprotective, but he can't ever seem to get used to it. Maybe it should feel patronizing- on some level it does- but more than that it makes him feel safe, wanted.

Loved.

"Two women are dead," Jack says, growl distorting his usual voice.

"And Will is *alive!"* Nigel snarls in response. "You'd think keeping him that way might be more important to you, but here you are running him into the fuckin' ground."

Will struggles to find his voice. He takes umbrage with the idea that he is some frail little Omega in need of defending, but then again he's never really been defended quite like this. Still, he swallows around his racing heart and speaks.

"Nigel, I think you should go wait for me in the car."

Nigel's eyes only flick to Will for a moment before he's staring Jack down again, but Will notices that his lover's dark irises are almost completely swallowed by black. He looks like a beast, ready to strike. It's only then that Will realizes the rest of the crew are at a standstill, paralyzed with fear or intrigue or both as the air goes stagnant around them.

"I'm not leaving you," he says, and Will understands that he can't be swayed, not now.

"You are here as a *courtesy,"* Jack says slowly. "If it wasn't at the request of your older brother, you wouldn't have set foot on the other end of that yellow tape. I respect Doctor Lecter, but I can't have you interfering with Will. You're keeping him from operating as effectively-"

"Talk about my Omega like he's a Tool one more God damn time and see what fucking happens."

And just like that, Will feels his stomach swoop. His heart flips and his cock twitches and he feels his face burning like mad. The only thought in his head is *'My* Omega, *My* Omega, *My, my, my'*.

"Nigel," he says, trying to keep his voice from wavering. It's no use- the blatant display of protectiveness, of investment in Will's wellbeing, in *public* no less- he doesn't stand a chance.

Nigel looks at him and a dark recognition floods his features. Will tries to disguise his shiver, the way he feels himself getting wet at the look in those big dark eyes.

"Car. Now."

He looks between Jack and Will for a few moments, weighing his options. Do as his Omega- *his Omega, Christ he really fucking said that*- asked him to do, or stand his ground against Jack. In the end Nigel takes a few slow steps back, not breaking eye contact until Will grabs him by the sleeve and drags him off.

Will's steps are quick as they stalk back to Nigel's car, his entire body tensing like his guts are bungee cords and Nigel's scent is a fifty-meter drop. God, he smells good. Leather and cinnamon chewing gum and pure fucking *Alpha* that makes him dizzy with every breath. Underneath the stale smoke and nicotine, that is.

Speaking of-

"Fuckin' prick, he is," Nigel mutters, already shoving his lighter back into the pocket of his jeans. He takes a drag, blowing the smoke skyward with barely contained violence in his eyes. "You know we've got enough money for you to just quit this gig, pet. Stay home and let us take care of you, then you wouldn't have to deal with his shit."

Ordinarily, Will would be annoyed by the offer. Might make a biting remark about not being some domesticated little Omega who wants to just lie around the house and raise pups for his Alphas.

In this moment, the idea has him quivering too much to say anything too harsh.

Nigel shakes his head. "No wonder you're always in such a state when you get home- I mean, the gore is bad enough, but you've gotta have a fucking support system if you're seeing that shit, you know?"

Will nods, not trusting himself to speak. The argument is still swirling in his head. How Nigel snarled at Jack Crawford is playing on loop like a broken record. He feels like he might just fall to his knees and ask Nigel to *support* him, here and now.

"Does he treat you like that when Han is around? Does he know?"

They finally reach the Charger and Will is all but trembling, his cock growing hard in the confines of his boxers. He's gonna have a wet spot in his pants at this rate, but he tries not to think about it. He just needs to get home, and get fucking railed.

Before he can make for the passenger's seat, a warm, large hand wraps around his wrist. His breath hitches.

"Hey, come on, don't give me the silent treatment."

Nigel spins him to face him. The Alpha takes the cigarette from his lips and for a moment, Will can't do more than just watch them move.

"Look, I get it, alright?" he says. "I did the exact fucking opposite of what you asked me to do, and I know you're pissed at me, but I couldn't just stand there and listen to him anymore. You deserve to be treated like a king, pet, I can't ignore it when you aren't-"

Will's too proud to stand on his toes, so he grabs a fistful of Nigel's shirt and yanks him down to his level. He crushes his lips against Nigel's, forcing his tongue into the other man's mouth before Nigel can even get out his sound of surprise. It takes him a second to switch gears, but once he does he meets Will with fervor. The hand not holding his still-lit cigarette clutches at Will's hip, pulling him closer as swallows the groan Will lets loose. Will's cock presses against Nigel's thigh and he grinds against it, gripping his shoulders for dear life as the Alpha delivers a sharp bite to his lip.

"You just disrupted a Federal Investigation because my boss was acting like a dick," Will says, his tone caught somewhere between accusatory and awestruck when they part.

"Guilty as charged," Nigel purrs with a slight smirk, and before Will can respond his back hits the body of the car. Nigel presses him into it, and Will can feel the other man getting hard against him.

Nigel ducks his head, nipping at Will's jaw before leaving a cluster of open-mouthed kisses along his throat. Will lets out a soft moan when Nigel sucks at the heated flesh, surely leaving an unmistakable mark just a little too high up to hide.

"I told you to behave," he sighs, tipping his head back to let Nigel keep licking and biting his neck. Nigel nuzzles at his scent glands and Will curses under his breath, barely glancing around the parking lot full of empty cars before reaching down and fumbling with his belt.

Nigel chuckles near his ear and Will nearly goes boneless against the car. "You're not quite following your own advice either, are you?"

Will shoves his pants halfway down his thighs, exposing his now aching cock to the air. Nigel groans, lashes fluttering when the scent of Will's slick meets him. He pulls Nigel into another famished kiss, taking his own cock in hand and stroking it slowly just to take the edge off.

"Fuck me, Nigel," he sighs against the Alpha's lips. Nigel scans the area, but everyone involved in the investigation is still at the crime scene for the time being, actually getting work done instead of rutting against their boyfriends like horny teenagers.

"I want you," Will adds, nosing at Nigel's jaw and taking a deep breath. He hums in pleasure. "Mm, you smell so *good,* Nigel."

Will can feel it when the other man's chest buzzes against him, growling out of desire rather than aggression this time, and Will feels lightheaded with it. Nigel moves Will out of the way with ease and throws the car door open, taking him by the arm and urging him toward the backseat.

He shoots Will a wolfish grin, bringing the cigarette to hang once more between is lips. "All fours, gorgeous."

Will whimpers in anticipation, crawling into the backseat and bending over for him. He's barely settled into position when a long finger nudges at his entrance, nearly knocking him off balance.

Nigel is messy as he fingers Will. Always is. It's quick and it's sloppy and it's *raw,* leaving Will with quivering thighs and blushing cheeks and a cock that's leaking at the tip.

"Don't worry, pet," Nigel says, crooking his fingers and making Will see stars, "I'll make sure nobody sees you."

His head drops into his folded arms at that, knocking his glasses askew. Fuck, he can't believe they're doing this. They're actually doing this, he's actually *letting Nigel do this.* He's about to get fucked senseless by Nigel fucking Lecter, not far from a murder scene, in the backseat of this ugly car that he hates.

And Will's never felt so turned on outside of a heat before.

"N-Nigel," he whines, face buried in the sleeves of his flannel.

"Yes, beautiful? What is it?" There's mischief evident in his voice as he pumps his fingers, Will clenching around him like he can't stand the idea of Nigel pulling out. Christ, he's too cocky for his own good. Must be genetic, he thinks.

Will groans, shifting his hips closer. "We both know I'm ready, asshole. Stop fucking around and take me already."

Nigel laughs at that, and Will makes a mental note to smack him soon when his fingers pull away. "You're the neediest little brat I've ever met, you know that?"

He's about to argue back, but whatever jab he would've sent the other man's way dies on his tongue when Nigel's cock pushes in all at once. Will's plenty prepared, loose and dripping wet, but it still punches the air from his lungs. Whatever's in the water near Lecter Castle, they should bottle the stuff, because their cocks are things of beauty.

The other man huffs out a breathy laugh, the zipper of his jeans rough on Will's ass as he begins to move. "You could at least say 'please' and 'thank you' when you're begging for cock."

Whether Will's eyes roll from pleasure or exasperation is debatable. "You're lecturing me about my *manners* now?" he says between soft groans, arching into the Alpha's thrusts. "I-fuck- I thought I was fucking Nigel."

He's rewarded with a slap on the ass for that and he moans, going tight around Nigel's cock. God, the way Nigel fucks is nothing short of *disrespectful,* there's no other word for it. He loves his Alphas equally, but each of them brings something distinct to the table. And Nigel...Nigel doesn't even give Will room to breathe. Maybe a little lacking in finesse or emotion, but he makes up for it times over with sheer fucking strength, and size, and *power.* It always leaves Will a shaking, drooling mess of a man, more puddle than person.

The Lecters are indisputably good at making love, but no one **fucks** like Nigel.

Nigel's rhythm is merciless, fucking him rough and fast. Every single thrust has Will fighting for composure. He grips at the upholstery, digging blunt, bitten nails into the backseat as he's

wracked with an onslaught of pleasure. Something about this being so rushed and frantic makes him feel depraved in the best way, their mostly-clothed bodies somehow more indecent than just being naked.

The Alpha wraps a hand around Will's cock and he cries out, loud and broken. "Nigel! God, I'm close, Nigel, fuck-"

"Shh," Nigel says, leaning so that his body heat is at Will's back. When he speaks, a cloud of smoke drifts in Will's face and chokes him. "Be quiet, pet. Wouldn't want one of you coworkers to hear and come looking for you, would we?"

Will whimpers, biting his lip to keep from moaning as he bucks his hips. They *could* hear them. It's a short walk into the woods from the scene. At any moment, one of Will's coworkers could come back to their cars to head home, or to fetch something out of their trunk, or to check and see if Will left or was planning on coming back to continue his analysis. And then they'd see Nigel, fucking Will with total abandon in the back of his car. How might they react? Would they be disgusted, frightened, guiltily aroused? Would Will ever be able to face them again?

He rolls his hips into the warmth of Nigel's hand, pleasure rolling down his spine. God, this is wrong. Everything about it is messy and shameful and so incredibly *hot.*

Behind him, Nigel snorts. "You like that?" he teases. "Like the idea of somebody catching me fucking your brains out?"

Will nods frantically, too close to consider lying.

Nigel's hand leaves Will's cock and he whines between tight lips, barely placated when Nigel starts to pet his hair- a tender gesture in the midst of brutality.

"I wouldn't stop if they did," Nigel purrs, and Will almost comes then and there. "I'd stop if you wanted me to, but if it were up to me I'd just let 'em watch."

"Nigel..."

The hand in his hair turns to a fist, yanking him upwards and sending his back into a cruel arch. Will gasps, bitten lips parting.

"Hold this for me, will ya?" Nigel whispers at his back, and suddenly the half-smoked cigarette is being shoved between his lips. Will takes it obediently, shivering when Nigel says "Good boy. And don't drop it, yeah? Don't wanna fuck up the interior."

Will mewls, holding the cigarette between his teeth even as his orgasm creeps up to meet him. Nigel's hands find Will's cock again and he almost sobs. He can feel Nigel's knot starting to fill, nudging and stretching his entrance insistently.

When he finally comes, Will's reaction is a muffled scream, howled behind closed lips. He shudders violently in Nigel's hold, clenching around him and almost begging the Alpha to

knot him. Nigel fucks him through it with speed and urgency, and before his knot can catch he's pulling away.

Will starts to whine at the loss, but then Nigel is flipping him over again and tugging him to a seated position by the front of his shirt. He plucks the cigarette from Will's lips and takes one last drag before he lets it fall to the ground. Will watches Nigel stroke himself, one hand wrapping tightly around his expanding knot. After a few moments Nigel pulls him in by his curls again, groaning as he comes onto Will's face. It splatters across the lenses of his crooked glasses, over his cheeks, along his lips. Nigel stares down at him, breathless, and smiles.

Will wrinkles his nose. "You could at least warn me next time," he mutters, reaching up to wipe the cum on his sleeve.

"Hang on," Nigel interrupts, reaching into his pocket. "Stay like that for a second."

Will furrows his brows in confusion until he sees Nigel produce his cell phone from his jeans and point it at him. He blushes. "Nigel, what are you doing?"

"Come on," he pleads, grinning. "We're supposed to share, right?"

Will's heart skips. He can't imagine the picture he paints right now. Still dressed, clothes rumpled, spent cock still out. His own cum staining his pants and Nigel's all over his red, exhausted-looking face.

He breathes out a weak laugh. "You're such a peacock," Will sighs, but he swallows, looks up at the camera through his lashes, and parts his lips.

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Will looks out the window, watching trees and the occasional bird pass by. He shivers at the passing draft through the open window. He's only in a T-shirt, the flannel he was wearing over it now sits, soiled, in the backseat. It'll never stop reeking of Alpha, but it was a fair trade in exchange for a somewhat clean face.

"At least now you car will smell better," Will quips, glancing sidelong at Nigel.

Nigel laughs. "Definitely. You made a real mess back there, pet."

Will shakes his head, blushing. His phone buzzes with a new text. It's from Hannibal. Two image attachments.

Heat travels up his neck in record time.

The first image is a screenshot of a text from Nigel. The photo of Will, dazed and covered in cum, with the caption: **[Bring Your Alpha To Work Day was a success.]**

The second image has Will biting his lip. It's a photo of Hannibal's cock, freshly spent. The elegant, veiny hand holding it is stained with cum, and Will can tell by the floor in the background that Hannibal took the photo in his office.

His phone buzzes again.

Han: [Look what you've done, naughty boy. How will you make this up to me?]

Will swallows, heart already racing with anticipation for tonight. For now, though, he looks at Nigel. Shifts in his seat until he can rest his head on the other man's shoulder.

"Hey. I love you, you know."

Will's eyes begin to drift shut, but he can hear that Nigel is smiling. "Even when I don't behave?"

Will laughs softly. "Yeah. Especially then."

End Notes

If you're interested in having me write a specific idea for you like this one, please visit my Tumblr or Twitter accounts at sourweather and send me a message <3

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!